

George Allison was the only surviving son of a Glasgow cotton merchant, who died suddenly, possessed as was supposed of a large fortune. As it turned out, however, his fortune, like that of many engaged in mercantile affairs, was found to consist more in his industry and good name, than in available funds, so that, when the creditors were paid, there was nothing left but the wreck of a once splendid fortune, and with this, George and Mrs. Allison had retired to a small village in the immediate vicinity of Millseat. George had been designed by his father to become a partner in his business, but his disposition was by no means fitted for the bustle and competition of mercantile life, and the change from the stir of a city, and the elegance of a large and splendid establishment, to the retired, quiet, and plain neatness of a secluded country village, was viewed by him rather as a relief than a sacrifice, and he very soon lost all thoughts of his former station in the interest he gradually took in managing the small farm attached to the cottage where his mother had fixed her abode. Henry Lawson, had been left an orphan at an early age, and had been brought up and educated under the care of an excellent clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Simpson, who had confined his ministerial labors to supplying occasionally a vacant pulpit in some of the neighbouring parishes, and eked out a comfortable living by receiving a few pupils into his family, himself superintending their education, being indeed their sole teacher. Mr. Simpson lived in a retired parish, about fifty miles from Glasgow, and it was here that George Allison and Henry Lawson, had first contracted an acquaintance, which soon ripened into warm and steady friendship, only interrupted by George leaving the school. Naturally of a quiet disposition, and having been brought up in comparative seclusion, Henry had contracted an air of reserve unusual to one of his age, and which was not likely to produce a favorable impression on those who saw him for the first time. The character of his education had induced a maturity and steadiness of mind, which naturally enough shewed itself in the absence of much of that brilliancy and ease which go to form the character of what is called an agreeable young man. Although the liberality of an uncle, long residing in Canada, whom Henry had never seen, defrayed the expenses of his education, and supplied him with what was necessary for his comfort, a sense of dependence, and the absence of society suited to his age, had damped the natural ardor of his disposition, and may serve to account for the dullness which Miss Somers observed on her first introduction to him at the house of George Allison.

But to return to the party whom we left collected at Millseat—suppose them all mounted and ready, which, by the bye, requires no little time and some patience to accomplish. After leaving Millseat and passing up the main street, the party made a short turn to the west, and proceeded along a road hemmed

in on both sides with thick thorn hedges, which restricted the view on both sides, unless where partial openings, leading into various fields bordering on the road, gave glimpses of a well cultivated country site, studded with farm houses, and occasionally the more ambitious residence of a country laird. On emerging from this lane, the party stood on the base of a range of low brown hills, which were yet of sufficient height to command a view of the valley they had left. Many and many a valley like that on which they then looked may still be seen in braid Scotland, for almost every parish has its retreats of quiet and peculiar beauty, which the eye could gaze upon for hours, without weariness or distraction, and which rise up among the mists of memory to the emigrant in a far land, beautified and brightened by the thousand associations which cluster around them from the past. The main parish road, which the party could trace for about a mile and a half, ran along the middle of the valley, till it was hidden on the south by winding round a point of the same ridge on which they then stood; to the left a belting of wood ran down and intercepted the view of the smaller valley beyond, in which stood the parish church, then encircling the farm of Millseat, and running down the hill within a quarter of a mile of the range of cultivated highlands which bounded the valley on the opposite side. Along the middle of the valley, and winding along, now on one side of the road, and now on the other, ran on a branch of a stream of some size, while the other made a sudden bend, sweeping close by the foot of the hill on which stood the party, and then uniting with the main stream at the northern extremity of the valley, which supplied the lint mill, and gave its name to Millseat. The centre of the valley was filled by a small but compact village, with but two streets crossing each other at right angles, occupying but a small space, and skirted on all sides by gardens and small fields of the inhabitants, intersected at intervals by lanes running at right angles with the main streets, and bordered with hedges and trees, which partly concealed the small but clean-looking buildings. All this the eye could take in in an instant; and as the various combined and separate beauties of the landscape presented themselves to the view, they elicited from the party all the expressions by which mortals testify their delight.

"Very pretty, 'pon honor," ejaculated Mr. Smith, adjusting his cravat.

"Oh! delightful!" said Miss Smith.

"And so ~~very~~ picturesque," said Miss Emily Smith, with a glance at George Morrison.

"Very, indeed," said the party appealed to.

"Do you know," said Margaret Morrison, who was close by, "that I always preferred the view from the other side; you can see farther up the valley; and then, this bare hill stretching along, with its peaks rising occasionally out of the heather, and here and